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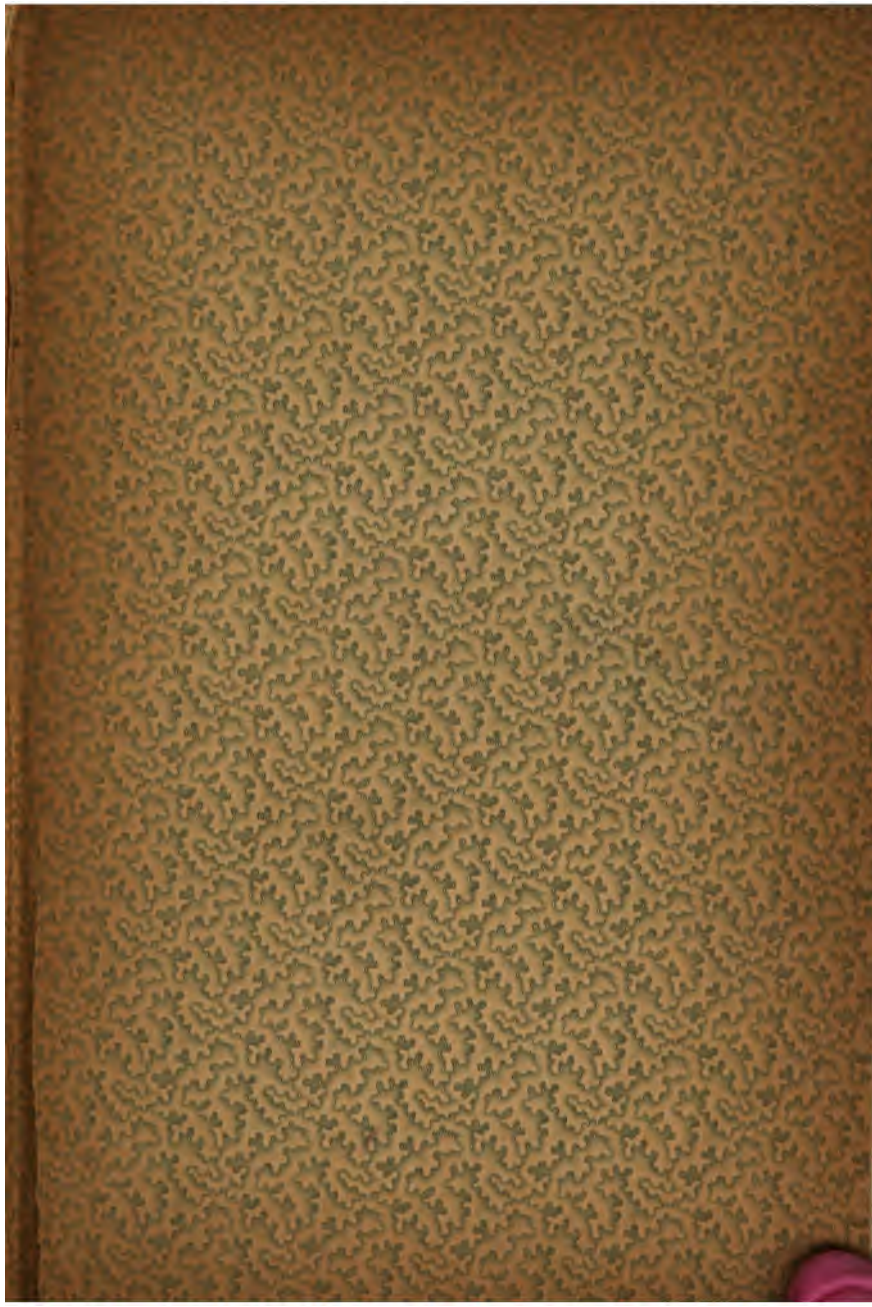
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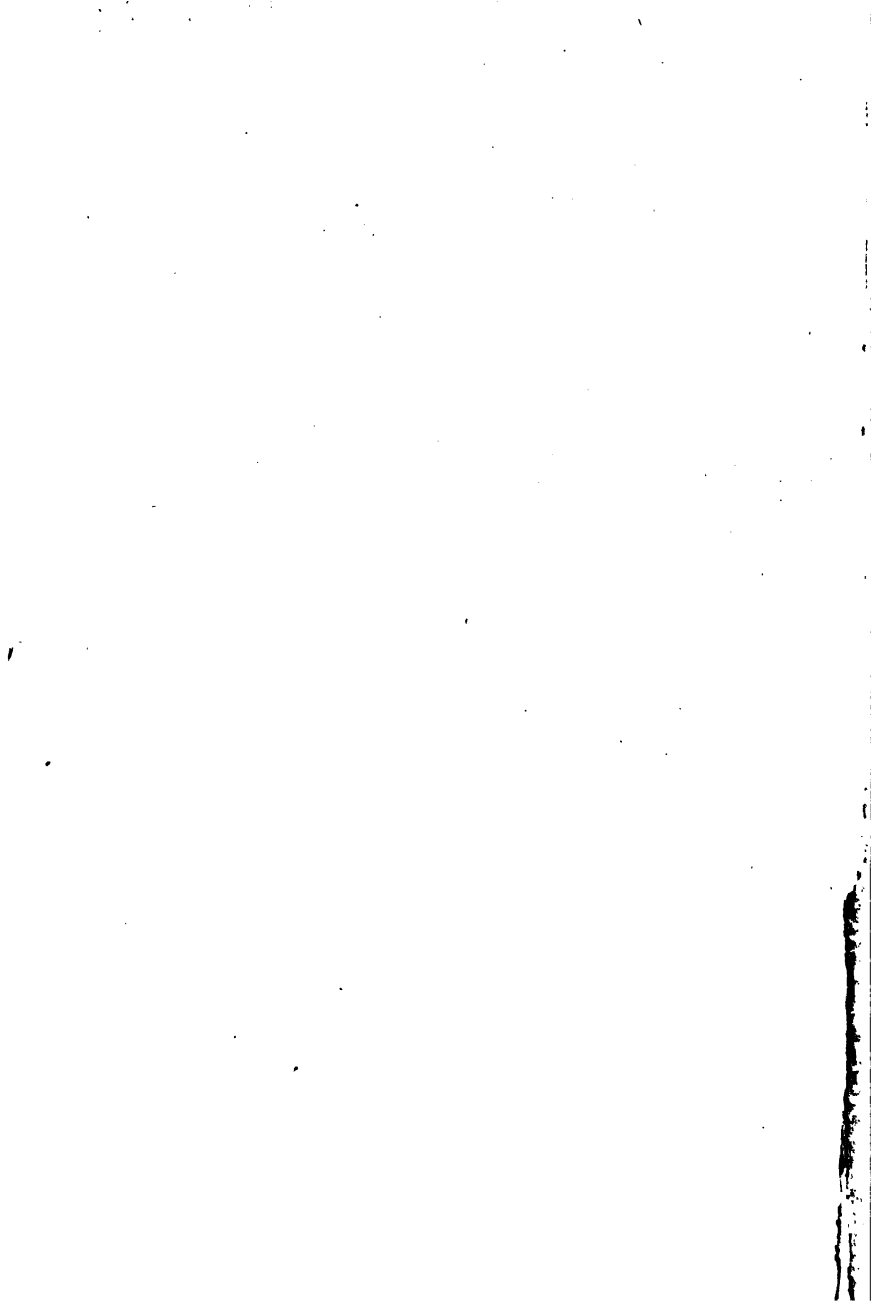


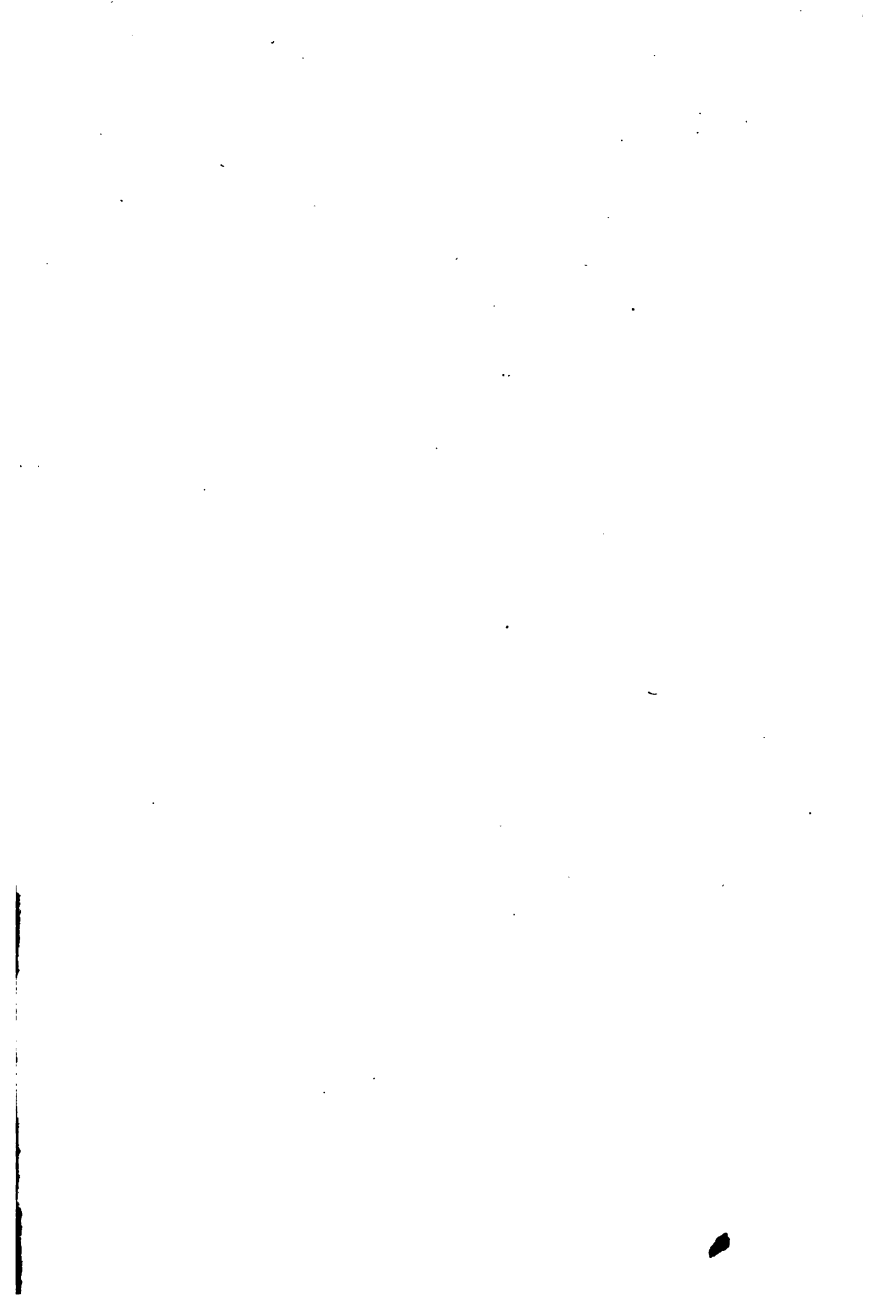
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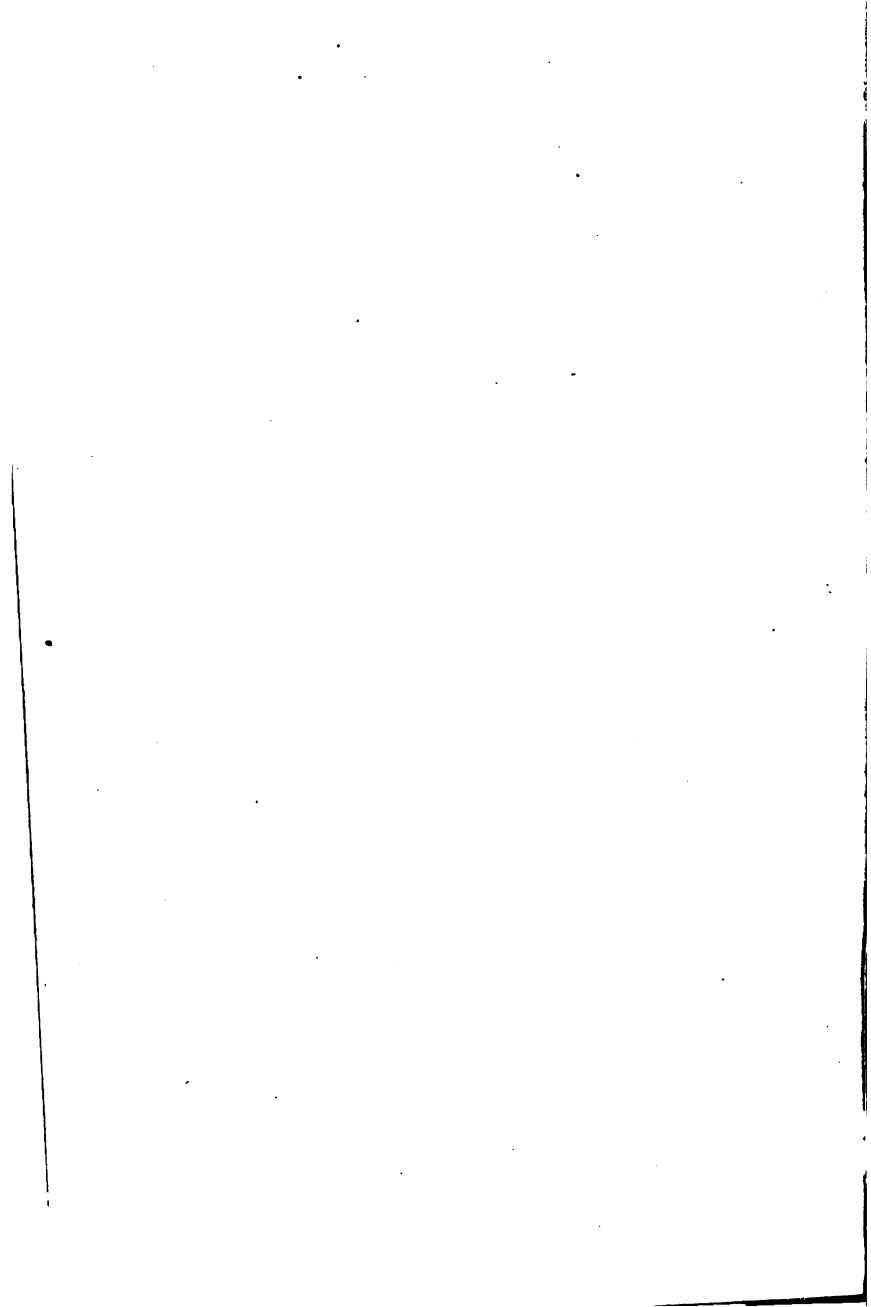
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TO EUROPE
ON A STRETCHER

BY

V. M. POTTER
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NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 WEST 23D STREET
1890

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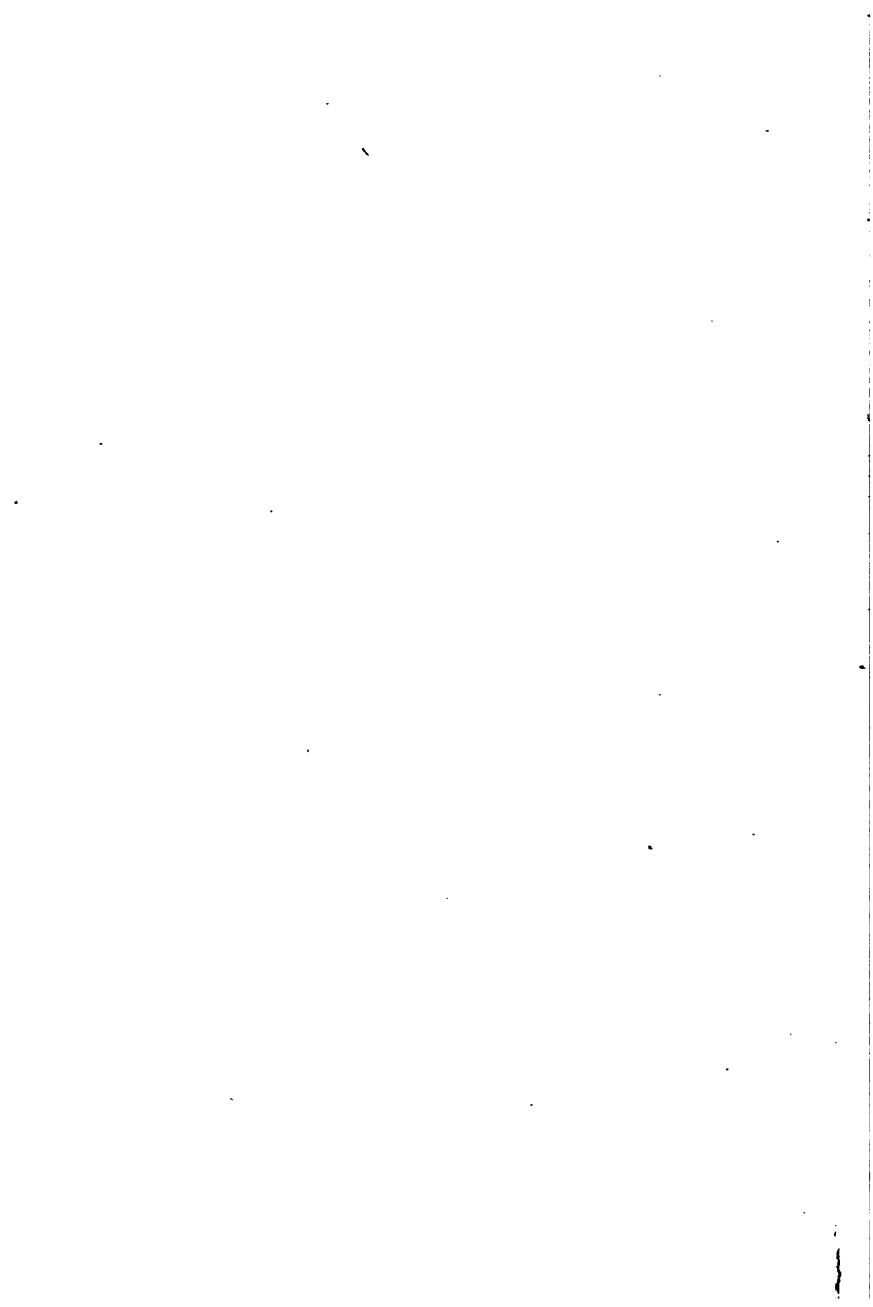
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L'ENVOI.

. THE motive that has prompted the writing of this little book has been the hope of opening the sealed door of foreign travel to those sufferers to whom, but for the difficulty of moving from place to place, it offers untold attraction and interest.

To travel easily on a stretcher requires experience and courage. This volume offers the experience of one to whom courage came as the difficulties disappeared; and for whom the journey herein detailed was full of unspeakable pleasure and refreshment.



PART I.

CHAPTER I.

LET me begin with a confession. I am a chronic invalid from rheumatic gout, and for years I have literally seen the world only from my wheel-chair.

One brilliant Sunday at N. my daughter E., a personification in her superb physique of perfect health and strength, came into my room and, bidding me good-morning, startled me by saying :

“ Mamma, we have decided to take you to Europe ! ”

To one accustomed to the rapid movements of travellers on land and sea, or to those disposed to long journeying and sight-seeing, this announcement would have contained nothing extraordinary ; but to me, bound hand and foot as I had

been for thirteen years, it is readily seen how impossible the fulfilment of the assertion really seemed.

I looked at E. and said, with an incredulous laugh : " How do you propose to accomplish this feat ? "

" Mamma, you know of the Italian steamships which go from New York to Marseilles. We propose taking the smoking-room and converting it into a cabin for you."

This was actually done. The smoking-room was given up for my use, a bed arranged in it, and everything needed for my comfort kindly furnished by the company. Then one glorious day in October I drove down from N., crossed the Brooklyn Bridge—the beginning of wonders for me—and soon after, with my son and two daughters, my brother-in-law and his wife with their three boys, and our servants, were on board the steamship.

Then followed good-byes to the many friends who had come to witness my departure, doubtless thinking that if I had not altogether lost my senses I would deeply regret this first step, which is proverbially so costly.

One end of my cabin had two doors opening on to the deck, and so gave me a splendid view of the sea. Our course was a southerly one. We had fair skies, but rough seas. Our first experience of being in a southern latitude was a sight of the isle of St. Mary, one of the Azores. A few days later we anchored off Gibraltar.

There had been one or two amusing incidents that marked the interval between New York and Gibraltar.

The steamship carried a hundred and fifty emigrants returning to Italy. On Sunday morning they appeared on deck with numerous hand-organs, on which they played, accompanying the music with

dances, to their great enjoyment and our amusement.

My cabin was rather unprotected, and one day a poor sheep strayed into it, bleating, as if asking for shelter.

Speaking of this reminds me of a great white ox which was brought on board as a supply for fresh meat; but the sailors grew too fond of it to give it up, and it went to the end of the voyage unharmed, and I have heard it has since made many trips. A poor little Polish lady, who was one of our fellow-travellers, sailing with a sick child, needing for its health a provision of fresh milk, said to me: "Oh, madam, I was so happy to see the face of that ox; I thought, now my boy will have what he needs—plenty of milk!"

Gibraltar is a most interesting point for all who make this voyage. But to me Gibraltar meant only a sight of the weary coal-heavers who were engaged filling the bunkers of the steamship. A sail had

been dropped over the ports of my cabin to protect me from the coal-dust, and I spent my day peeping at the great rock as the wind lifted the sail, and in pitying the coal-heavers, whose only food was sea-biscuit steeped in cold water.

Toward sundown our whole ship's company returned to the steamer, laden with pomegranates, grapes, and figs. We had been living for a fortnight on Sicilian cooking, with unleavened bread; so that a fresh English loaf and sweet butter, with tiny clams and delicious fish, gave us a foretaste of the good things that awaited us when finally ashore.

At nine o'clock that night, in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, we made what our good Captain Viola termed "the most difficult departure he had ever made from Gibraltar." For three days we sailed through the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Lyons, passing close by those well-remembered islands of our youthful geo-

graphical studies—Ivica, Majorca, and Minorca.

The approach to Marseilles is very beautiful, having in full view the hill on which stands the world-famed Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, dear to the hearts of all mariners; on the other side, the Château d'If, on an island doubly interesting from our having during our voyage re-read "Monte Cristo."

As we came nearer our landing-place, innumerable small boats approached us. Some of these brought the customs officers, who seized upon our innocent luggage and carried it off to the *douane*, where, if it were opened, it bore no traces when we again received it.

Another boat brought L., who had come from far-away Roumania to meet us. We were glad to see him, and to have the welcome tidings he brought us of many friends.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING reached the moment of debarkation, it seems fitting that I should here describe the method by which I moved from place to place, and which gives the *raison d'être* of the title of this sketch—the stretcher on which I was always carried. It was framed of strong wood three and a half inches wide, and forty-seven inches long. Its width was eighteen inches, and it was possible to put it into any ordinary carriage. Across this frame was closely nailed the strongest sailcloth, stretched tightly. At one end there was a foot-rest about eight inches high, slightly slanting outward; at the other end an adjustable back, which could be hooked on after I was seated, as much

at my ease as though in an ordinary chaise longue. At each side were two rolling metal handles. The chief support in carrying my weight was at the back, where a strong metal handle, that could be turned up or down to be out of the way, crossed the entire back of the stretcher.

Thus, with my man-servant always at the back, I could easily command two other carriers among the public porters whenever they were needed. Our large party being assembled on deck, I was carried ashore in triumph through a curious if not admiring crowd, escorted by the captain, who had been most kind throughout our voyage. With a last look at the *Archimede* we drove to the Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, where we found every comfort and the best of good living.

Our arrival at Marseilles was at an unpropitious moment. It was a race day,

and the streets were filled all night long with noisy crowds, the more disturbing after the quiet of our ship life.

I shall never forget the piercing cries to which I listened for more than half the night. Whether they were uttered by a woman distracted by the loss of her lover, or by a man ruined on the race-course by his too favorite horse, or whether the bitter lament of a mother for her lost child, I shall never know; but the Olivier, Olivier, Olivier! incessantly repeated in pathetic tones, prevented sleep.

Once safely landed at Marseilles, it became necessary to decide where to go for the winter. We had left home advised by our good old friend Dr. M. to go to Hamam Rhea, in Algeria; but the nearer we got to that bourne the less desirable it seemed to one in my plight. The hotel at Hamam Rhea we found was unfinished, and the roads were said to be a

mass of rolling boulders, altogether unsuited to my methods of locomotion.

Our first words of greeting to each other on meeting in the morning were : "Where shall we go?" At last A. and D. decided that they would take the train to Mentone and see what could be found there in the way of a villa. A telegram came back from them before night, saying, "We have taken the Villa St. Valentin, subject to your approval." So the next day, the 12th of November, the stretcher and our party started for the railway.

Arrived there, we found ourselves the object of much attention. Our admirable *valet de place*, feeling the responsibilities of his new office of *porte stretcher*, cleared the way for us. "*Place pour Madame la Generale tout a fait paralysée,*" and yet I was only a rheumatic, without any claim to military titles. We found our carriage

luxury itself—tables, chairs, and sofas *ad libitum*. Even my wheel-chair was given a place, with a compartment for the servants, and a smoking-room for the men of the party.

I had brought with me from home Margaret, the old and faithful nurse of my children, who at every hotel was treated with distinction, her gray head giving her the right of entry to every lift, with the best seat in the servants' dining-rooms; she was my untiring attendant in all my long absence.

We spent the day in going along the beautiful Riviera, all new and wonderful to most of us, arriving at the Hôtel Nationale in time for dinner. Here we might have been comfortable but for the ravages of the mosquitoes, who welcomed us at once as strangers.

We were detained three days here while the villa was being swept and garnished

for our coming, after which we drove from our hotel through the narrow, crowded street of the little town of Mentone, picturesque and squalid, after the way of Italian towns; for though now owned by the French, it retains its Italian characteristics. On and on we went, past its cathedral, past its hospital, churches, and villas, almost to the Pont San Luis, the lovely barrier between France and Italy. Then we stopped in front of a large white villa. The first thing we noticed was the English coat-of-arms, high up on the façade. This, when we knew who the owner of the house was, much amused us, he being the editor and publisher of the most radical of English newspapers.

As the gate was thrown open by the smiling *fachin*, we saw the balcony above the terrace, covered from end to end by a mass of Bougainvillea, which hung like a veil of lovely mauve bloom, without foli-

age, a revelation of exquisite color. This veil hung unchanged for six or eight weeks, calling forth admiration from those passing, who would exclaim in emphatic French, "*Oh ! que c'est délicieuse !*" or in equally emphatic Italian, "*Bellissima, bellissima !*" I was carried up the twenty steps of terrace, on to the balcony, which was sixty feet long, and where I found my wheel-chair awaiting me. After being comfortably placed, I looked straight before me upon such a vision of loveliness as I had not dreamed of seeing. Mentone, as my readers know, lies close against the shore ; and, like Marathon, Mentone

"looks upon the sea,
And the mountains look upon" Mentone.

Our villa was placed close against the rugged, yellow rock, while to its right, Alp after Alp rose until the sun gleamed on the snow-capped top of the highest

peak, the Berceau ; while stretching out far into the sea, covered with gray olive-trees, was the beautiful Cape Saint Martin. In front of us, below the hills, lay the quaint old town, and the blue Mediterranean breaking into the beautiful curves of the west and east bays.

Once within doors we went on a tour of inspection. The large drawing-room, opening on the balcony, had been converted into a bedroom for my use, leaving us with two small *salons*. After much rearranging we made the ugly furniture endurable by putting a big palm, from a neighboring greenhouse, in one corner of the larger room, and by bringing from our really beautiful terraced garden various plants in pots, which we stood wherever a bare spot called for ornament. The piano, with various draperies, completed the furnishing.

The bedrooms were large and comfort-

able and needed no adornment, for every window commanded a lovely view, either of mountain or sea. All winter we had the constant hope of seeing Corsica, seventy-five miles away to the left—that shadowy vision which is promised to the early riser all along the coast, but which, however, always eluded us.

We found ourselves possessed of two admirable women servants; Camille, the cook, being a treasure. Later on, when our Christmas guests arrived, we added to these a nondescript personage, called Sacco Tomaso, of whom I shall have more to say.

CHAPTER III.

AND so our housekeeping began; a simple matter, as we fell into the French way of early coffee and rolls, with our *déjeuner* at twelve. The young people of the household found much amusement and plenty of exercise in climbing the hills and exploring the villages, of which St. Agnese was the most interesting. The walk to the Berceau is a most fatiguing one, but it is a feat to which all manly sojourners here aspire; and so our boys took the walk, and came back completely tired out, while delighted with the day's experience among these foot-hills of the mighty Alps.

These excursions were made once or twice a week, with a donkey loaded with

luncheon and wraps. What was most touching in all these villages was the hopeless poverty and patient cheerfulness of the peasants.

Our laundry work was carried every week to the village of Grimaldi by an old peasant and her granddaughter, whose rosy cheeks and bright eyes were pleasant to see; while the old woman was bowed over by the weight of years and the steady climbing up the rugged hills, their cabin being near the Italian boundary.

When the linen was brought home for the first time, I remonstrated with the old peasant for not having ironed the sheets. She said, "If the signora will pay me one sou more for each sheet, they shall be smooth and beautiful."

The common practice is to fold the linen and place stones upon it—a labor and heat saving process which is not altogether satisfactory.

These people are ignorant and singularly simple-minded. One morning, being busy with some home letters, my maid came to me for the money due to the old laundress; telling her where to find it, she took out two or three notes, and asked, as she held one toward me, "Is this right?" I glanced at it and answered "Yes." The notes of the Bank of France are printed on paper of various sizes, according to the value, the ink is blue, and there are no large numerals; so that in a rapid glance one might easily mistake, but for the difference in size, cinquante francs, which was the sum due, for cinque cents francs, which the maid took to her.

An hour later, having occasion to pay some other bills, I discovered the mistake. Sending for Sacco Tomaso, I told him of the blunder, and asked him if he thought he could get back the money.

The old fellow replied, with the air of

a diplomat entrusted with grave affairs, "Leave it to me, signora, and all will be well."

Giving him a fifty-franc note, he went on his mission. At the end of two hours he returned, smiling with satisfaction, and handing me the missing note, said :

"Behold, it is done !"

I complimented him, and asked how he had managed to get it back so soon.

"Oh," he said, "I told the laundress that the signora had given her a bad note."

The woman told him she thought it felt strange, and gave it back to him.

Two francs made him happy, in spite of the gloomy views he always took of life. The preceding Sunday he, having watched for the moment when I was left entirely alone, knocked at my bedroom door and said :

"Will the signora grant Tomaso a word with her ?"

When I assented he threw himself into a theatrical pose, and, with his face distorted with anger, said :

“Signora, they, your servants, accuse me of being a thief ; they are jealous of the favors which the signora and her illustrious family grant me, and they will drive me from this house.”

Knowing as I did that all was done to impress me with his importance, I told him to go, and never trouble me again with his complaints. The command was unavailing, for the next Sunday he attempted to repeat the scene, when I discharged him ; but as he found an intercessor, and was really very useful, I retained him.

About the middle of December we had a vision of loveliness which I can never forget. The sun had set in its usual splendor on the Mediterranean, when over the whole heavens came a flush of glowing

crimson which reached from the horizon to the utmost boundary of the mountain peaks, intensifying into a deep flame-color, then gradually fading away into the softest shades of pink. In the midst of this splendor the new moon arose, with the evening star shining almost within the crescent. This afterglow was visible night after night, until we began to think it must always remain one of the wonders and beauties of this lovely region. Later we found, by letters from England and America, that this was a phenomenon exciting the interest of scientists throughout the world.

W., with H. and E., had gone one night to a concert or dance at the Casino. Driving home just before midnight through the absolute quiet of the sleeping town, they came to the railway crossing, and finding the gate wide open went forward without halting. Their wheels had not left the

track when the roar of a coming train around the sharp curve, and the glare of the headlight flashed through the carriage, showed them how narrow had been their escape from destruction. The next morning they went to see the gate-keeper to ask why the gate was left open when a train was expected. He coolly shrugged his shoulders and said he had been asleep—proving that travellers have need to be on the alert and to trust in Providence, because it is vain to put trust in railway officials.

Some of the Mentone customs are not unlike the quaint old-time customs of New England villages. Some friends on their arrival from Paris had handed two bags to a cab-driver, and on reaching their destination found one missing.

The driver pleaded innocence, while we all suspected him of having thrown it to a confederate. The next day the loss was

made known by the town-crier, who with his bell went through the streets, offering a reward for its return. But all failed, and the bag was not recovered.

We found some old New York friends living at the Villa P., who frequently sent us books and papers, which supplemented those received from home. One of the privations of travellers is that in continental Europe one can get nothing to read, and I have been asked by residents abroad, "Have you any new books; anything new to read?" in a tone indicative of a hunger for reading material. In the smaller continental towns libraries are rare.

As Christmas drew near, M. and her three children arrived from Florence; we had not met for nine eventful years. Several other members of the family also came, among them my son and his wife, who, however, left us before Christmas

Day, being compelled to return to America. W. had joined us a month before, and on Christmas Day our family party numbered sixteen. The young people had decorated the house with wreaths of ivy and palms, here and there were suspended a bunch of oranges, and we had from our garden a quantity of lovely roses for the table.

A few days after Christmas E. and D., with W. as escort, left us for a visit to Rome; E. and D. returning at the end of a fortnight with other friends, while W. went on to Sicily.

From this time until the end of April our life was very monotonous, varied only by drives to Monaco, passing through Monte Carlo. In one of these drives A. and I entered the beautiful grounds of the Casino and drove around and out without stopping. We had hardly reached the outer road when the horses refused to go

farther, and no urging could induce them to move until the driver, an Italian, got down and whispered into the ear of each horse. What he said, whether benediction or malediction, I do not know, but the horses started at once; on his retaking his seat, he said, "They are disappointed that the signora would not stop at the Casino, that they could have their usual rest." Toward the end of March the gathering of the orange and lemon crop began; the oranges here were of poor quality, while the lemons were of the best.

To account for this difference the legend runs that our Mother Eve plucked a lemon as she left Paradise, and kept it through all her wanderings until she reached Mentone, when, finding the place so fair, she planted the lemon, deeming Mentone worthy of the fruit of Paradise.

We found wonderful seedless oranges from Jaffa in the quaint old market, and, as

the spring advanced Parma, violets by the roadside, the wonderful crimson anemone in the fields, and above all and everywhere the rugged, twisted olive-trees, many of them looking as if they might have been planted by the Saracens. We had seen, lying at the roots of many of these trees, odds and ends of old woollen garments, and were told—whether in jest or earnest I never discovered—that these scraps were to be dug in for the cultivation of the trees. What a curious transmutation of the rags of Italy into the golden oil of her traffic!

All the winter A.'s three boys and my C. had been nominally at school with a very learned German professor, who knew much, but imparted little; however, the boys were kept in a measure occupied, and gained the questionable knowledge of how not to do a thing.

As the end of Lent approached, we were

surprised to find that Holy Week was partly given up to a series of *fêtes*. Bonfires were lighted on the hills, hotels were illuminated, a regatta of boats took place in the harbor, and many foreign yachts, gayly decorated, joined in the picturesque Venetian *fêtes*. On Good Friday, in the cathedral, when the Gospel for the Day was read, the peasants expressed their sympathy and rage by stamping their feet and crying out against the Jews.

These poor, ignorant peasants are so deluded by their priests, who in this part of France are of a singularly bad type, that one hardly wonders at their strange doings under the name of Christianity. On Easter Eve, at noon, for what reason I do not know, every man possessed of a gun or pistol ran into the street and fired it. Camille, our cook, was made very unhappy by this festival, for her husband

had so injured his hand, by the explosion of his gun, as to lose his employment.

One of the sights of Mentone is the hanging garden of Dr. Bennet, in which is a tower believed to be of Saracenic origin, and which he has converted into a cosy resting-place after his day's labors. The garden contains every variety of the flowers of these regions and of many others; roses indescribably beautiful, together with a terrace of camellia trees planted in baskets of earth brought with them from Sicily. The doctor told me he had intended to bequeath this garden to the town, but the narrow-minded municipal magnates, after sitting in grave council upon the proposed gift, decided not to accept it, unless with the proviso that he would also give them a sufficient sum of money to maintain the garden forever. The doctor was indignant, and will leave

his valuable property away from the town.

Dr. Bennet, sometimes known as the king of Mentone, the learned and skilful English physician, had taken good care of me during the winter and now advised me to go to Aix-les-Bains. So preparations for our departure begun.

Tomaso, seeing much lifting of trunks before him, took his departure without ceremony.

About this time L., who had been in Dresden all winter, came to take us on our way, and on the twenty-fifth of April I was again placed on what our Italian coachman called "*la petite planche de Madame*," and started by carriage for Ventimiglia, halting for a moment for a word with the polite officials of the *douane*, who recognized us as the ladies of the Villa St. Valentin, and dismissed us with a bow.

We had parted at the villa gate with our kind relatives, who would remain at Mentone a month longer.

After the usual weighing of luggage and shrieking of Italian officials, I was safely installed in the railway carriage which we had, after much red tape and correspondence, secured for our special use.

The journey to Turin was long and tiresome and noisy, from the great number of tunnels we had to pass through. We found very comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and left the next day for Aix, crossing the plains of Lombardy, which, in this northern latitude, were just beginning to grow green, making a marked contrast to the flowery fields of the Riviera. During the afternoon we passed through the Mt. Cenis Tunnel. I had crossed Mt. Cenis twenty-five years before, in a covered sleigh, and after hear-

ing of the completion of the tunnel had said: "This is one of the world's sights I shall never see!"

We reached Aix at nine in the evening and found the carriage we had ordered waiting for us, with two illy-matched porters—one much over six feet, and the other of unusually short stature. Through this I nearly came to grief, my servant, not noticing the differing height of the men, having placed them on each side, as usual. As I left the carriage, I came very near being tilted off the stretcher on the short man's side, but L.'s ready hand saved me. We reached the Hôtel Splendide without further adventure, and found ourselves the first occupants of this new house. Having sent my letter to the French doctor, he promptly came, and instructed me as to the ways and means of getting to the baths.

I listened, and wondered how I should

ever accomplish it. Shortly after, two sturdy porters came, carrying a curtained chair and mattress. The porters lifted me from my bed into this chair, completely wrapped in blankets, and, with a procession of my children and two maids, I started down hill for the establishment, passing the tiny houses of the peasants and the splashing fountains at which the chattering Frenchwomen were washing their lettuce and their clothes, and was met by my doctor at the door.

Here the porters handed me over to two powerful bath-women, who, with my maid, easily carried me down two steps to the canvas-covered lounge which stood in the bath. Then followed the *douche*—each sturdy bather handling a hose at full force. Wrapped again in my blankets, with the curtains closely drawn, I was carried back to my room, where I found a new friend awaiting me. This was

Charlotte Nântet, whose business card states that she is "*masseuse* to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland," and I found her the most skilled of her profession, and my experience in this line has been manifold.

This tall, bright-eyed Savoyard was one of the best types of her race. Left a widow six years before, with two children, and having been for years one of the bathwomen, she was well known to the French doctors, who appreciated her intelligence; and though she could neither read nor write, they instructed her in anatomy, obliging her to keep a skeleton in her little home for three years, all the while training her in the art of *massage*.

This woman came to me every day during my six weeks' stay in Aix, and did more for my improvement than baths or doctors; though perhaps the combination of so many good things helped me.

We left Aix toward the end of May, and after a long journey reached Paris at midnight, where the sleepy officials at the station wondered, doubtless, where these people with so much luggage could have come from at such an hour. I was carried to the apartment on the tiny lift of the Hôtel Mirabeau. After a fortnight of the usual Paris shopping and sight-seeing, we left for Boulogne, stopping over night, and taking the Channel boat the next day at noon. On reaching the landing-place we found the tide so low that the upper deck of the boat was on a line with the dock.

The gang-plank was so narrow that I had to dispense with my usual carriers at the side and trust myself to my servant and to L. I crossed the plank in much fear, and found myself taken possession of by two stalwart sailors, who put the palms of their hands under my stretcher and

carried me down the steep staircase to my cabin, very much as a tray is carried by the Swiss waiters of a Paris hotel over their shoulders, but I was reassured by the captain's assertion that these men were accustomed to carry all kinds of burdens.

Landing at Folkestone I was carried an unusually long distance before reaching the train, and was thankful to be once more comfortably placed in the railway carriage. I had never been in this part of England, and enjoyed the charming bits of landscape, the sight of the myriads of sheep, and the young shoots of the hop-vines of Kent, and so went on to Charing Cross.

Here my son and one of my daughters, who had preceded us, met us, and we passed the ordeal of the custom-house, the dynamite scare being at its height, and every one of our trunks being merci-

lessly explored—handkerchiefs unfolded, tiny boxes emptied, and such confusion wrought with our luggage that we might almost have fancied ourselves arch-conspirators, provided with enough deadly dynamite to destroy the whole British Government. One of our friends, carrying a wedding-cake, had it crumbled into infinitesimal atoms; another, with a harmless box of flowers from Nice, was deprived of them altogether, as being much too dangerous to be admitted into the British dominions. Once past this trying ordeal, we went to our quiet hotel in Jermyn Street, and for a time rested there.

London will always be delightful to me, and at the end of May was in full glory—the parks brilliant with rhododendrons arranged in shaded masses, from white to the deepest crimson, giving one a new idea of color; yellow tulips in large beds,

and the perfection of landscape gardening everywhere ; while the crowds of well-dressed men and women, the splendid turnouts, with their gayly liveried servants, Rotten Row crowded with well-mounted equestrians—the whole scene conveying the idea of perfected civilization. Suddenly one saw the crowd divided right and left by the police, and down the drive from the Alexandria Gate came the carriage of the Princess of Wales, with three of her children on the front seat facing her. This gentle, smiling woman, bowing on either hand to the crowd, made the climax of the afternoon show in Hyde Park.

As the middle of July approached, the atmosphere of London became so lifeless that, although the heat was moderate, the discomfort was greater than in the warmest of our summer days at home, and we were glad to start northward, which we

did on Saturday afternoon, in the midst of such a heavy downpour as proved the fallacy of the popular belief that rain in England is never wetting.

Arriving at St. Pancras' station, we took possession of the very comfortable carriage provided for us. Once more I was near disaster, my stretcher having been placed lengthwise along the seat, with the cushioned back at my right side. In rounding one of the great curves of the railway, the Midland, I was suddenly displaced, and but for the prompt movement of my children, my stretcher and I would have been on the floor. I was carried into another compartment of the carriage, where two big chairs facing each other gave me a firm support. The journey through this part of England is picturesque, and the cultivation so universal that one cannot help contrasting it with the rough and unfinished outlook of our

American railway journeys, even over our most cultivated districts.

In the late English twilight, about nine o'clock, we reached Harrowgate, our destination, where our London doctor had sent me for the benefit of the sulphur waters. Our hotel, the Granby, was as uncomfortable and illy kept as any southern or western hostelry, and we hoped to escape from it in a few days; but the cholera had broken out on the Continent, and tourists of every country and of every degree had remained in England, and we failed to find accommodation anywhere in the North for so large a party. Yorkshire is full of lovely drives and places of interest; Knaresboro, perhaps the best specimen of a north country village, was close by, and is of interest as being the scene of Bulwer's novel "Eugene Aram." Fountains' Abbey, one of the most beautiful ruins in England, and Ripon Cathe-

dral, were all visited more than once by the active members of our party, who also visited York Minster with delight. Finding we could do no better, we decided to go to Edinburgh, and spent three most comfortable weeks at the Palace Hotel, which faces the old castle, standing in massive ruggedness as guardian of Auld Reekie.

The drive to Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat reminded me of my first visit to Edinburgh, when I had seen the Queen of England with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, beside her, and Prince Albert on horseback, hold the first great review of the Scottish Volunteers.

No other such amphitheatre as this plain between Arthur's Seat and Calton Hill, which afforded standing-place for a countless multitude, exists. The scene was interesting beyond description, and, but for a sudden downfall of rain, would have

been most enjoyable ; but we were driven back to our hotel before the review was ended.

Twenty-five years had passed since then, and to my eye there had been no changes. This unchangeableness in foreign lands is one of the surprising things to Americans, because the never-ending tearing down and building up again in our own country leave but few landmarks to return to at the end of a quarter of a century.

While in Edinburgh we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gladstone, who had come there to speak to the Liberals of Mid-Lothian. The enthusiasm that greeted him as he drove through the streets was fairly overwhelming, and he received the ovation with evident pleasure and surprise, though it was no novelty to the grand old man to be thus welcomed.

It was most interesting to us to witness this manifestation. When Mr. Glad-

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stone's carriage passed through Prince's Street the people crowded about it, and, with their hands on every available spot of the vehicle, kept pace with its four horses.

CHAPTER IV.

WE had taken home passage on the *Servia* for September 13.

We started for Liverpool, passing through the Grampian Hills, where we looked in vain for the flocks of *Norval père*, reaching the usual bourne of home-going travellers, the Great Northwestern Hotel, where one always gets excellent rooms and execrable food. Here I found my sea-bed awaiting me, which I had procured while in London at one of its many huge shops devoted exclusively to invalid appliances. By special favor we were allowed places on the captain's tug, and so were in advance of the crowd. Getting aboard was a simple matter, as I was again in the hands of sailors, who carried

me from the top of the tug over the gangway to the deck of the huge steamship.

We were welcomed by our kind old friend, Captain Cook, who had given up one of his cabins to my use. The ship's carpenter screwed my bed firmly to the floor, and I at once took possession of it, remaining in it until I arrived at New York; for, though a good sailor, I found change of place on shipboard involved too great a risk. Our voyage was a pleasant one, with the exception of a short storm one night which the sailors called "a little cyclone," when the pounding of the waves upon the ship's deck, and the rattling, drifting spray upon my cabin roof, made me realize the possibility of its being carried entirely away.

E., whose stateroom was below, came through the storm and darkness to me to ask if I were frightened—a needless question, and I was very glad to have her with

me. We reached quarantine about seven o'clock Sunday evening, and were surrounded by boats and tugs which had come to take such passengers as were willing to go ashore with a hand-bag only, this being the first landing to be made at the Barge Office, under Barney Biglin's rule.

The ship had hardly stopped when Denis, the captain's cabin-boy, who had been my faithful care-taker through the voyage, brought me a basket of beautiful peaches and grapes as the kind welcome of our ever-thoughtful friends on Staten Island.

My youngest son, having gone ashore on Sunday evening, came with W. and the carriage early the next morning. By this time every one but ourselves had landed, and the huge ship had been put into her dock more quietly than a Jersey City ferry-boat. Lightened of her coal

and a thousand tons of luggage and the great crowd of passengers, the ship rose very high above the dock, so that I looked with terror at the steep descent between the deck and *terra firma*.

Once more the two sailors took charge of me and my stretcher, while W. walked in front, to keep up my courage with assurances that these sailors, who had brought me safely over the sea, would not wreck me at the very moment of landing. And so, with grateful heart and happy recollections, my journey ended, and I found myself once more in my own home.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

TWO years at home, then my merciless doctors decided that, to save my life, I must again take up my stretcher and cross the sea.

So once more we took passage, this time on a steamer of the French line; D. and E., with our servants, making our party. By good fortune, almost on the eve of sailing, we heard that one of my brothers-in-law and his daughter J. would cross with us.

On reaching my cabin door, I found it guarded by the portly French stewardess, who, with arms akimbo, denied me admittance, asserting in a harsh voice that this cabin was for the family De Lesseps,

the distinguished engineer being a fellow-passenger. After sending for the steward and proving our right to the room, the enraged woman was quieted ; then it was discovered that the doorway was too narrow for the stretcher, but by taking the door from its hinges the needed space was made. We had put to sea in a violent thunder-storm ; the weather, however, soon cleared, and we crossed the ocean with our usual good-luck, reaching Havre on Sunday evening, where our landing was delayed until the next morning. We were the last people to leave the ship, and my daughters amused themselves with the anxiety depicted on their uncle's face as he saw the stretcher carried aloft in the usual manner.

On the dock we had expected to find a roomy landau waiting for us. In its place stood a one-horse *fiacre*, and into this I was pushed, the size of the vehicle

only admitting the stretcher at a right angle.

However, the drive to the railway station was a short one, and I was no longer a novice in this method of travelling. We were soon in the train, on our way to Paris, where we arrived late in the afternoon of a November day. My servant, a young Englishman, new to continental languages, was sadly bewildered by the vehemence of the French porters, who wished to take possession of me and put me into a wheeled chair which had been sent from the hotel. We finally had our own way, and started through a dense crowd to the carriage and were rapidly driven to the Hôtel Meurice. Our rooms were on the third floor, and so I risked my life in the *ascenseur*, which was so small that I had much difficulty in using it. Like all the rooms in this good hotel, in the main building, our suite was large,

and we were glad to enjoy its spaciousness after the confined life on shipboard. We were kept two weeks in Paris, waiting for the consecration of the beautiful American church, which took place on Thanksgiving Day, and then, without further delay, we started for Cannes. This attractive place was new to all of us. The drive to our hotel, the Californie, was a long one; and we had lovely gardens filled with flowers, palm-trees, in striking contrast to the leafless trees of Paris, to beguile our way. Our long journey had wearied us all, but we were able to do justice to the excellent fare of our hotel.

The next morning we looked out over terraced gardens of tropical beauty and villa roofs, to the familiar waves of the blue Mediterranean. The windows of our apartment opened on a balcony, where, during all our stay, I enjoyed

the sunshine and the exquisite outlook. On my left the new Chapel, of St. George, built by the English in memory of Prince Leopold, had nearly reached completion, standing just outside of the grounds of the hotel.

It became my occupation to watch each day the difference in the height of its spire, which was being finished rapidly to be ready for consecration on the anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death. On my right the picturesque Esterelles formed the horizon.

I found the *masseuse* Charlotte at Cannes, this being her winter sojourning-place, and I gladly put myself in her hands. It was while here that I first heard the travellers' designation of the health resorts of the Riviera. Cannes is called the drawing-room, which admirably describes it, for here the highest society holds full sway. Nice they call the

Boulevard, Mentone the hospital, and, if I may be pardoned for quoting it, Monte Carlo the hell of the Riviera.

Beyond our comfortable hotel life, with pleasant people about us, and the drives, there was but little to occupy us. We remained here until the return of my brother and his daughter from Algeria, where they had spent Christmas; and finding that I could have no further use of Charlotte, who had been summoned to Osborne, we started about the 20th of January on our southern tour.

We had unusual ill-luck in getting on the train, after having had much delay in the weighing of our luggage. I was hurriedly carried down the length of the large station and in front of two puffing engines, then up to the end of our train, which was almost at the point of starting. Here I was placed on the floor through the open door of the carriage, with scant time

for gentle handling. E. actually entered the carriage on her knees, after the starting of the train. Of the rest of our party we knew nothing, save that the maids had been left behind with all our keys. Half an hour later Monseigneur, as the French called my brother, opened the carriage door, telling us that he had been occupying the guard's seat on the top of the carriage, from which that official had tried to eject him. When our train left Cannes, he, finding he could not enter the carriage, had climbed by the ladder to this high seat.

We found ourselves after a short time again at Mentone, where the drivers at the station greeted us as "the ladies of the Villa St. Valentin." Our stay here was to be short, so we went to the Hôtel Bellevue, where, from our rooms on the ground floor, we had no view but of the sea.

Our next neighbor in this hotel was the venerable Madame Moscheles, whose husband had been the dear friend of Mendelssohn. She chatted pleasantly of the past, and was interested as a young person might be in everything about her. Here we parted from H., who went to Florence, leaving J. with us. At the end of a few days we left for Genoa, and had a long and wearisome railway journey, passing through the sixty tunnels which bear witness to the patient skill of the engineers who have fought their way through these mighty Alps, over which the hordes of Hannibal and Napoleon crawled with snail-like pace to fall at last, like devouring locusts, upon beautiful Italy.

We drove at once to the Hôtel de Gènes, formerly the Palazzo Spinola, and were shown into charming apartments, and awaiting us the best dinner we had

ever eaten. So much for travellers' appetites! My children found pictures in some of the old palaces and old churches, more or less interesting; but there is nothing in Genoa so beautiful as Genoa itself—the noble bay, from which the old town rises, terrace above terrace, crowned with a double line of fortifications, and above all the wonderful blue of the Italian sky.

In the Piazza Acqua Verde stands a statue of Columbus. At the feet of this statue is a kneeling figure of America.

The streets of Genoa oppressed me with their crowds, literally, the populace. I do not recall seeing a single person of refined appearance, or a vehicle having the air of a private equipage in the three days we spent there.

When I had been there years before, the universal costume of the poorer class of women was a white scarf of

muslin folded and laid over the head, reaching to the waist behind, and falling to the feet in front, and now and then one saw a bride with a cotton veil worn in the same way; but this, instead of being of thin white muslin, was of heavy calico, stamped in brilliant colors with huge roses, branches of trees, and bizarre figures of many sorts. Now the universal head-dress is a small, coarse, black lace veil tied under the chin, while over the forehead hangs the untidy, heavy bang of black hair. But one rarely sees any national costume now, and a great charm of foreign travel is thus lost to the traveller everywhere.

As soon as it was possible we procured a railway carriage for our long journey to Naples. As we came near Rome we were caught in a snow-storm, but we tarried at the gates only long enough to change, not our horses, but

our engine. This snow-storm was such a novelty to the Romans that all the world was in the streets busily sketching and taking notes of the phenomenon.

Half-way between Rome and Naples we were stopped by a sort of hurricane which blew the telegraph-poles down across the road, and so delayed our journey. We reached Naples at two in the afternoon. We had, as usual, written for rooms and a carriage. The latter not being on hand, we took the best thing we could find. E., who always had a penny for every gamin, was soon surrounded by a screaming crowd demanding "*solde*;" her supply being exhausted, they turned on me, and when I shook my head, they shrieked their dreadful Italian malediction: "*Accidente!*" and this malediction really followed us. We drove along the Strada Vittorio Emanuele, almost to the extreme end

of this sea-side street. When we reached the hotel the pavement had been taken possession of by an enormous herd of goats, more than a hundred of which had been driven home from their pasturage. As I sat in the carriage looking at them through the drenching rain, I had a foretaste of the dreadful milk and butter of our hotel.

A letter from the proprietor had assured me that "the most illustrious signora and her family should have a superb apartment all facing the sea." The reality was, one narrow, badly furnished, ill-kept room on the sea; our bedrooms all being at the back, close against the caves of the Pizzo Falcone, which are the hollows in the huge rock, either natural or artificial, used as blacksmith shops, stabling for goats, and many other obnoxious purposes.

The food was beyond description,

the butter being made of goat's and sheep's milk. There were but two servants to attend to us and the other travellers who had been beguiled to this hotel. We were compelled to remain here two days, before we could get a suitable place elsewhere. As I was carried down-stairs, a party of English people of well-known name, whom we had met elsewhere but without personal acquaintance, were much interested in my method of locomotion, and in the most undisguised way watched every step of my descent of the long stairway. I must own to being somewhat sensitive to such obtrusive observation, and never cease to wonder at the saintliness of Lady Augusta Stanley, who, when ill, and compelled to be carried to her carriage from the deanery of Westminster, would say to her servants, as she saw the curious crowd about her,

"Go slowly, and let these poor people see all that they wish."

Before going to our new quarters, I drove out to Pozzuoli and enjoyed the view, the bay, the islands, and Vesuvius, all of which for two days had been hidden in fog.

As we neared the Hôtel Bristol, our new quarters, the fishermen were drawing in their seines, well filled with *frutti del Mare*, as the Neapolitan calls everything the sea brings him, from fish to coral.

Once comfortably settled, our young party, consisting now of four girls, was ready for an exploration of Naples and its surroundings; but we had much rain, and they found the museum of unfailing interest. I have never been in any part of the world where Christianity was put so far out of sight as in Naples. The degradation of the people is most pitiable, poverty and dirt are everywhere, and disease and death seem greater evils in this wonder-

fully fair place than in any other I know. The funerals which we saw each day, when the dead were carried in an open, gilded hearse, with the priests sitting within at the head of the coffin, and two or three sisters of charity following afoot, were innumerable. Owing to the bad weather, the only excursions that could be made were to Pompeii and Capri. The shops where photographs and tortoise-shell were sold were a daily temptation. One by one we all became convinced that malaria was seizing on us, and, as the sun refused to shine, we left in haste on Ash Wednesday morning; not the day Church people would choose for a journey, but even one day's longer delay was impossible.

We were taken in charge from the hotel to the railway by a *valet de place* provided for us by the proprietor of the Bristol. This man was indefatigable in his efforts

to serve us, and when we were all in the train he came to the door to receive his fee, which we had been told should be one franc; but he had done so much and had been so untiring in his efforts that D. gave him two and a half francs. The moment the money touched his hand he was transformed into a demon, and noticing that I occupied two seats, the foot of the stretcher resting on one, he ran for the guard; bringing him to the carriage door, he shrieked out, "This lady occupies two seats, and she has paid but for one; she must give me the money to get another ticket."

The guard tried to quiet him, and told him he would attend to it, but all in vain; he persisted in his demand, and we steamed out of the station while he was still shaking his fist at us and screaming out maledictions.

This Ash Wednesday morning had been

full of dire disaster along the Riviera, being the day of the terrible earthquake.

But we, of course, knew nothing of this, nor did the news reach Rome till late that night; so that while it reached America early on Thursday, it was not generally known in Rome until noon of that day. We found the Hôtel de Londres, on the Piazza di Spagna, so full that we had to beg to be taken in, consequently had less good rooms than we had hoped for; but after our long journey any resting-place was welcome.

I had been in Rome in 1861, before Pius IX. was a prisoner, and while France acted as guardian of the "Eternal City." The changes everywhere were bewildering, and it was not until we reached the Piazza that we found everything as of old. Here there was no change, except perhaps the freshening up of the exterior of some of the houses.

The great stairway leading to the Trinita del Monte; the fountain in the centre of the Piazza, with its old surroundings of contadini models, the flower-sellers, and the women busy filling their copper vessels—all were there, seemingly the same.

Late the next day we began to receive details of the terrible earthquake which had brought destruction to the white villages of the Maritime Alps, and the pitiful tales of suffering told of the poor peasants who had lost everything, and almost their faith in the protection of their saints—for so many of them had been killed in the destruction of their churches in which they had taken shelter. From friends we had left on the Riviera we heard many sorrowful tales, while from others almost ludicrous descriptions of people roused from their sleep seizing the first covering at hand,

and only completing their toilet in the garden or street.

Some people who had gone from San Remo to Nice by the first train took shelter in the railway station, which stood undamaged. Here they spent the night, lying upon trunks or shawls, the little children of the party actually crying for food. These poor travellers finally found a place in a railway carriage and started for Paris.

Wherever they stopped on the road, multitudes rushed from the train to get food; and many people who had sent their servants for bread or milk, or whatever could be found to eat, saw others waylay them and seize upon the food, so famished and unmindful of everything were they in their fright. Day after day came telegrams and letters from our friends at home and in Europe, asking where we were, and how we had escaped,

and advising us to take ship at Genoa and sail at once for America. We wrote, with thankful hearts, that we had been in no peril.

I had written to Madame Moscheles, asking of her safety, and I received in reply the following letter:

“CANNES, *March 4, 1887.*

“MY DEAR MRS. ——— :

“How kind to write yourself and inquire about us! We have, of course, gone through a great fright; but, thank God, without being hurt in mind or body, for we have never been among the alarmists. We remained quietly in Mentone until the rush upon the railways had subsided, and we could get here quietly.

“This place, considered as the safest, is not a little crowded, and it required all my son's searchings before we could obtain a few comfortable bedrooms—salons quite out of the question.

“We live, however, in a lovely pine wood, have a splendid garden with gigantic mimosa trees and all the other wonders of southern vegetation,

and are enjoying the most lovely weather, trying to forget that awful morning when we crowded in the garden at Mentone in all sorts of costumes, unwashed and unkempt, blankets being all the order of the day, and charitable gentlemen like Colonel Baker (who gave me his overcoat and warm gloves) assisting us poor women; while Lord Brabazon was not afraid to go back to the house and bring us hot coffee. I am glad to say my son was among the brave and helpful; and as to me, I got laughed at, in the course of the day, because I was found writing or knitting. How could I? As though my being idle could keep off a new catastrophe. You have read so much about the earthquakes that I will not say any more about them; but only thank you again for writing, and hope you are fairly well, enjoying Rome in all the accounts which the young ladies bring home to you.

"With kindest messages from us all to your family circle, believe me ever gratefully and

"Very sincerely yours,

"CHARLOTTE MOSCHELES."

I must be pardoned for thus using this

letter, but any one who has met Madame Moscheles will appreciate with me the gentle kindness and charming vivacity of this old lady, enduring so calmly when over eighty years of age those experiences of an extraordinary character.

One young friend, who had gone from Mentone to Antibes only for the night, leaving her invalid mother there, came back on Thursday morning to find their villa demolished and her mother and sister nowhere to be seen. After several hours' search the poor girl found that they had been taken care of by their doctor, who had placed the mother in safety in the office of one of the hotels, along with many other sick people, while the sister found a resting-place upon the sea-shore. This was only one of innumerable instances. Many deaths occurred from exposure, the invalids having in many cases to lie upon the ground.

Those who could get a vehicle of any kind to live in counted themselves especially fortunate.

On our second day in Rome I was attacked with remittent fever, and I realized the folly of having stayed in Naples instead of going to Amalfi.

However, I was not ill enough to require much nursing, and the young people were able to enjoy Rome.

As this is not a guide-book, I need only mention such sights as were unusual, and one of these was a visit to the private apartments of the Vatican, where many wonderful things were shown. Among these was the coronation robe of Charlemagne, which was seen suspended between two plates of glass closely sealed, so that many of the colors of the splendid embroidery still retain much of their original vividness.

D. was allowed to take into her hands

the tiara of gold and jewels worn by Pius IX. at his coronation; and perhaps most remarkable of all, and most interesting, was the golden rose, the Pope's superlative gift to noble ladies who have done great deeds for the Latin Church. The rose-bush was planted in a golden pot, and its gold enamelled leaves upheld the golden roses, one of which had been cut from its stem, as though awaiting some special recipient. In fact, we were told that this rose was probably destined for an American, whose munificent gift of a university at Washington had called for special honors. But, alas, the lady's name was not to be found in the required rank of the nobility, and the golden rose was withheld.

I had seen Rome so thoroughly twenty-five years before, that the past was daily brought back to me by the glowing accounts of my children and their friends,

and I was glad when once more able to drive out, and see the Forum unchanged, except in the present care which guards it from abuse.

There was much that was new to see in Rome, strange as it may seem; and one sometimes lost patience with improvements which had destroyed precious landmarks of the past.

The Via Nazionale might have been a street in Paris, so absolutely unlike is it to anything else in Rome. I had driven through it to see the American Church. It stands at the corner of a street, closely surrounded by other buildings, and so disappointed me, as in my mind's eye I had seen it standing alone. Owing to its position, its beautiful tower is but partially seen; yet both in color and outline the church does full honor to the famous English architect, Mr. Street, who designed it.

As I could only see the outside of things, there was scant pleasure in driving within the city ; so we made acquaintance with all the gardens of the near neighborhood, and looked down on Rome from many beautiful heights.

One afternoon, in driving into the city from the garden of the Villa Borghese, our carriage was stopped by the crowd at the entrance to the Corso. Below me, on my right, was a victoria occupied by two gentlemen, one of whom was in such gaudy uniform that I looked at him with great interest, wondering who the splendid creature could be. On the seat beside him was another, in plain citizen's dress, with heavy waxed mustache and iron-gray hair, his hat being half removed, while he looked steadfastly at me with a somewhat amused expression. I, not recognizing the king, gazed on, without making the usual salutation to royalty, thus gaining

credit, perhaps, for intentional rudeness. The beautiful Queen Marguerite has never driven with the king since the afternoon, two or three years ago, when they were cruelly fired upon while driving on the Corso. D. and I were on our way one afternoon to the gardens of the Pamphilia Doria, when we were again stopped, this time by the funeral of the young Princess Borghese, who had died at eighteen, and was being borne from the Palazzo on the Tiber to the Church Santa Maria Maggiore, where the dead of the great house of Borghese rest.

The crowd, and the enormous numbers of flowers; huge wreaths of roses suspended around the hearse; the pathetic figure of the young princess's father walking behind with uncovered head, made a mournful scene impossible to forget. She was a Belgian countess, and they told us she had brought her husband a *dot* of

eight million francs ; but the foul vapors of the Tiber did their deadly work, and swept this fair young creature from husband and father.

We were roused early one morning by a tap at the door of our salon. On sending to inquire what was wanted, we found our charming friend, Mrs. J., standing at the door, with a ticket in her hand, "for one of the young ladies," who must be ready in half an hour to go with her and her party to the great function at the Sistine Chapel, the installation of seven cardinals. It was decided that J. should be the happy recipient of the ticket. She was speedily dressed in black, with a lace veil covering her head, and joined Mrs. J., who, with her beautiful white hair turned back over a cushion, and her black lace veil covering her like a mantle, and held in place by diamond stars, was as charming to look at as when, in her youthful

days, she had received the Democratic crowds as mistress of the White House during her uncle's presidency.

But I will give an account of the spectacle in J.'s own words.

"Not until we were passing the Castle of St. Angelo did we discover that two of our tickets, mine and that of Signorina V. who was with us, gave admittance only to the Sistine Chapel, through which the procession must pass to the smaller chapel beyond, where the function was to be held, so that she and I would miss the most interesting part of the ceremony. She no sooner realized this, however, than her fertile brain began to work our escape from this disappointing situation. 'Leave it to me,' she said, 'and I will arrange it when we get there;' and in a moment more we were driving into one of the inner courts of the Vatican.

"There was a crimson carpet over the

long white marble stairway, which we had trodden before in the capacity of sightseers.

“To-day the Swiss Guard flanked the ascent on either side, until we reached the door of the Sistine Chapel, where a very funny little scene took place. Two of the Pope’s chamberlains, in the beautiful black velvet dress they wear on state occasions, came forward to meet us. They glanced at the tickets: ‘Yes, three of the ladies would be admitted to the Chapel of the Consistory, the other two would place themselves in the Sistine Chapel.’ ‘But, on the contrary,’ interrupted Signorina V., laying her hand on my arm, ‘it is a mistake that this signorina’s ticket should not admit her with the other ladies—an entire mistake.’

“Then followed a voluble explanation, to the effect that the Signorina Americana was in fact a niece of Cardinal Gib-

bons, and that the cardinal would never forgive it if, through the carelessness of his secretary in sending the wrong ticket, she should miss seeing this spectacle, for which she had travelled all the way from America. 'For myself,' she added, 'I will stay here in the Sistine; but surely for the signorina an exception must be made.' The rest of us were quite speechless at the audacity of the whole proceeding. The chamberlains wavered, and in a moment more we were placed in the front seats of a box which we learned afterwards had been reserved for the Roman nobility and diplomatic corps. Then followed an hour of waiting while the chapel filled. It was very interesting. Almost every one who did not come by hereditary right had some political affiliation with or religious interest in the occasion. There were a number of Americans, converts, in a state of suppressed excite-

ment, feeling, no doubt, that the creation of a new American cardinal was full of promise for their Church at home.

“The black dresses and veils were very becoming to the women; the men were also in black, and as they lined the space around the brilliant walls, they made a good contrast and background to the procession, which now began to enter slowly.

“First came the Pope’s choir, singing a very beautiful anthem; then a crowd of cardinals and bishops, of course in full canonicals, and in their midst, borne above their heads in a canopied chair, Leo XIII., raising his trembling hand and blessing the kneeling crowd as he passed. He was helped, or rather lifted, to the throne in the centre of the tribune at the end of the chapel, and the cardinals seated themselves in a semicircle around him, while the service, which was very simple and dignified, proceeded.

"After the anthem the Pope made an address to the cardinals; his voice was extremely feeble, and his hands trembled; but he spoke for some time impressively, I should think, from the absorbed attention that they all gave him, though we could not distinguish a word.

"Another long and beautiful anthem followed; then the seven new cardinals arose in turn, and advanced to kiss the Holy Father's foot, kneeling, and received their hats from him. He raised them in turn, kissed them, and said a few words to each; and then, one by one, they turned back to the waiting ring of cardinals, and were welcomed by them to their number, as they passed to one after another, embracing each in turn.

"This part of the ceremony was exceedingly impressive; these old men seizing each other's hands, and greeting each other with such perfect simplicity and evident

feeling that one could not doubt its genuineness. When it came to Cardinal Gibbons's turn to kiss the Pope's foot, it seemed to us that he was made an object of special favor, the Holy Father raising him from his knees, leaning on his shoulders, and kissing him almost lingeringly on both cheeks.

"In a moment it was all over, and the crowd again knelt, as the Pope was carried out through the Sistine Chapel, and the voices of the papal choir were lost in the distance."

We decided to leave Rome at the end of March for Florence. At the railway station I saw two Carmelite brothers, in white cassocks, with white felt hats, and each of them with long white beards. Two noticeable figures! We had seen so many red-frocked students looking like so many lobsters, so many blue-frocked students, so many untidy and unkempt pet-

ticoated men and boys, rushing about the streets of Rome, from college to church rites, and from church back to college, that we had forgotten that anything even outwardly white and pure remained.

Reaching our hotel in Florence, we found our salon filled with flowers, sent by M. and her children, who soon came to welcome us. M., always an enthusiast over her adopted city, was full of suggestions and advice, as to where to go and what to see. But our young people were far less enthusiastic over the researches into the Middle Ages of Florence than they had been in the excavations of Old Rome. They provided themselves with Ruskin's primers, and we were gratified later on to find that Florence, with its marvels of art and architecture, was no less interesting and absorbing than Rome had been.

They were soon in the breathless round

of sight-seeing. As for me, I was again obliged to content myself with reviewing my recollections of twenty years before, while driving through the outskirts of Florence, and looking down on the City of Flowers, with its countless towers, and listening to its never-silent bells. The spring had just opened and the flowers were wonderful to see. As we drove past the Palazzo Strozzi its ledge was outlined with tulips of every hue, lilies red and white, with the lilacs (that familiar home flower), carnations, roses, violets—in fact, all flowers that grow elsewhere, and which make the streets of Florence marvels of beauty and fragrance. We found M.'s little children bright and amusing, speaking a funny polyglot language, inevitable under their American and Italian surroundings, with a French governess to complete their bewilderment.

 Their efforts to instruct their uncle in

Italian were very amusing, and considered by them quite successful; for one of them turned to her mother, after hearing him use some Italian phrase, clapped her hands with delight, and said:

“Oh, mamma! our uncle is a *brav* speaker of the Italian language.”

I found M. a delightful cicerone in our drives. Her thorough cultivation and constant study had made historical and artistic Florence an open book to her; so that each drive revealed to me some new interest, while it also showed the extent of her information.

I never passed the Uffizi without a pang of disappointment that I could not once more look upon the wonders of the Tribune.

These drives—with the afternoon's sun shining upon Florence, its towers and countless campaniles, the yellow Arno with the Ponte Vecchio and the tiny shops upon

it; now and again a group of the Misericordia with their black cloaks and masks, bearing a sick man or one wounded, who had fallen by the way in the crowded city, and all the wonderful sights one sees in a city of southern Europe—were my compensation.

Passing the Duomo one afternoon, we saw a vast crowd surging into the cathedral, and, as we paused to learn the cause of the unusual excitement, we were told that it was the last of the Lenten sermons preached by the Padre Agostino, whose eloquence and emotional fervor carried all Florence with him, and has given to him the title of the modern Savonarola. While we waited we saw, lifted in a chair high above the crowd, the emaciated figure and pallid face of the famous preacher, who in this way was borne into the church, being too feeble to walk. His history is a strange one. He had been a soldier in

his youth, and, having been called to serve his country on the battle-field, he returned home at last to find that his wife and child had died during his absence. Well-nigh broken-hearted, he grew reckless, then was arrested in his wild career, and, by one of those extraordinary rebounds of a great nature, he turned aside from the world and entered upon the religious life, later becoming one of the masterful preachers of Italy.

The time drew near for leaving Florence, and I had promised to give to M.'s two little girls and A.—another little niece, who had been left in Florence while her family went to Rome—what the children called a *festa*, which resolved itself into a romp through our apartment, with unlimited oranges and ice-cream, with an occasional melody on the violin by the blond-haired, mischief-loving A.

Our departure was again delayed by the

red-tapeism of the railway people, who assured us that to secure a carriage for our twenty-two hours' journey to Aix-les-Bains it would be necessary to send to Milan three days in advance. This we did, and after waiting over the fourth day were told that the carriage would be ready for us. So we left our hotel in good time, in order to avoid the crowd. After all the delays and formalities of the Italian railway service, I was carried in under the protection of the *sous chef de gare*, who assured me that the carriage was new and of most admirable plan—for which information I should have been grateful had the facts agreed with his statement. The door, instead of being in the middle, was at the extreme end of the carriage, so that when I was placed upon the carriage floor there was no room to turn the stretcher. The anxious servants proposed turning the carriage round, imagining that the

other side would be more accessible, but, alas, this other side was made on the same plan ; and I was ignominiously taken back to the waiting-room, until the worried official could determine what to do with me. Meanwhile, the crowd was gathering, and the time of departure drawing near.

Every carriage in the train seemed full, when at last I was asked to go to the extreme end of the huge station, where I discovered that an ordinary carriage had been arranged, in which I was to enjoy the privilege of sitting up all night.

There was nothing to do but to accept the inevitable ; and, as we had pillows and wraps of all sorts, I got through the night better than I had feared.

Reaching Turin about ten the next morning, we decided to go on without stopping ; and being transferred to a fresh railway carriage, we finally reached Aix

at the end of twenty-two hours from Florence.

We had gone for the second time through the Mt. Cenis tunnel, entering it with snow-drifts, and emerging from it into meadows covered with the bloom of the yellow primrose.

We were glad to find ourselves at Aix before the season, and we were taken to the same suite of rooms we had occupied two years before.

We found the little town in great excitement because of the arrival, on the day before, of the Queen of England, and I found that I was to share with her majesty the consolation which the faithful Charlotte could bestow. The routine of life was the same as before, although the improvement in my health now enabled me to drive, and I enjoyed beyond expression the Lac de Bourget, surrounded by mountains. The drive to the

quaint old town of Chambéry was very interesting, and I longed to visit the Grande Chartreuse; but this, I found, would not be possible for me.

We were very much interested in the unaffected simplicity of the queen's daily life. We saw her several times enter the hotel grounds, seated in a little pony-chair, wearing a garden hat and the simplest of black silk gowns, while the Princess Beatrice walked beside the chair; two Scotch gillies forming her guard, with Sir Henry Ponsonby walking behind.

One day, coming in this simple state, the queen entered the hotel unannounced, to the great consternation of the hotel-keeper, who had provided a red carpet and gilded chair in anticipation of such an event.

Her majesty had come to see the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, one of her ladies-in-waiting, who was in the hotel,

and risked the life of the Majesty of England by going to the second floor in the little-to-be-trusted French lift; but she experienced a new sensation; and I heard that the fussy old Dr. B. had remonstrated with the queen for venturing to use it.

For the benefit of those who may hereafter seek relief from rheumatism at Aix, I would tell them that, to be better, one must first grow worse. The hot sulphur water is very powerful, and near the close of both my visits I felt my sufferings increased rather than diminished, but in both instances found, as I had been promised, relief later on.

Charlotte was indefatigable; and had this good creature had no children, I should have tried to beguile her to cross the sea, even at the risk of robbing others of her valuable services.

The queen's continental chaplain and

his wife were in the hotel with us, and asked D. (my daughter E. having gone to Paris) if she would be one of five ladies to carry a birthday bouquet to the Princess Beatrice. It could hardly be understood why she should decline. But D.'s republican common-sense refused the proposed honor, because there seemed to be in the proceeding a kind of back staircase introduction to royalty.

We were misunderstood in our refusal, but were nevertheless courteously treated; and the large gilded basket, filled with superb Maréchal Neil roses and maiden-hair fern, was brought for me to see, before it was sent to the royal lady.

D. and I drove to Chambéry one afternoon, meaning to procure some simple garden pots of green pottery for our orange-trees at N.

As we approached the brow of the hill which overlooks this quaint old town, we

saw rising above the mountains a heavy thunder-cloud, over which frequent flashes of lightning broke.

We asked the driver if it would be better to turn back, when, with true French diplomacy, he said, "The ladies must decide;" and as the delicious freshness of the wind after the preceding great heat made the drive delightful, we determined to go on; so we rattled down into and through the old town, taking our chance of a heavy shower.

But no one could tell us where to find the pottery, and we were ignominiously forced to turn back without having secured our object; the clouds lifted, however, and we escaped all but a few drops of rain, which fell on us as we alighted after a drive of thirty miles.

We were obliged to remain at Aix for nearly six weeks, in order that I might take the entire course of baths,

the place remaining quite empty and few people being at our hotel. June is the English season there, while the gay world comes in vast numbers during July and August. We drove constantly, and in two of these excursions were much diverted by the salutations of the little peasant children, who, on catching sight of me in my black bonnet and veil, in an open landau, exclaimed :

"C'est Madame la Reine d'Angleterre."

The cure ended, we started for Paris, which we found in all the beauty of springtime, and the horse-chestnuts of the Tuileries covered with bloom. Republican Paris is far less beautiful than the Paris of the Empire, and one always returns there with a sense of something wanting in the grand show of the Champs Elysées.

We found N. and his family in Paris, whither they had come from their winter

in Pau. N. was most kind, seeing us well over all the difficulties of insurance of luggage, a precaution we had never thought of before. The loss to many Americans of all their effects in crossing from France to England had made us duly careful. When we reached the ship, we found everything in good condition.

We crossed the Channel with the usual discomforts, and reached Charing Cross station, where we found H. awaiting us with the carriage, and drove to our hotel on Clifford Street, Bond Street. I was again struck, on my return to London, by the supreme indifference with which invalids of all degrees went about in bath chairs and spinal carriages during the less crowded hours in the Park, and wished that in America invalid people might be less self-conscious or the crowd less interested in their movements.

Everything in London was in the bustle of preparation for the Queen's Jubilee. H. told us he had been the day before to the opening of the People's Palace, when the queen made her first visit to East London.

The window in which he stood commanded a wide view of the royal approach.

The innumerable throngs, eagerly awaiting their sovereign's coming, the gay decorations, and the holiday air over all, were in themselves impressive; but to him the roar of the people's welcome, which rose with ever-deepening volume far in advance of the queen's appearing, swept all thought and feeling into its own overwhelming majesty.

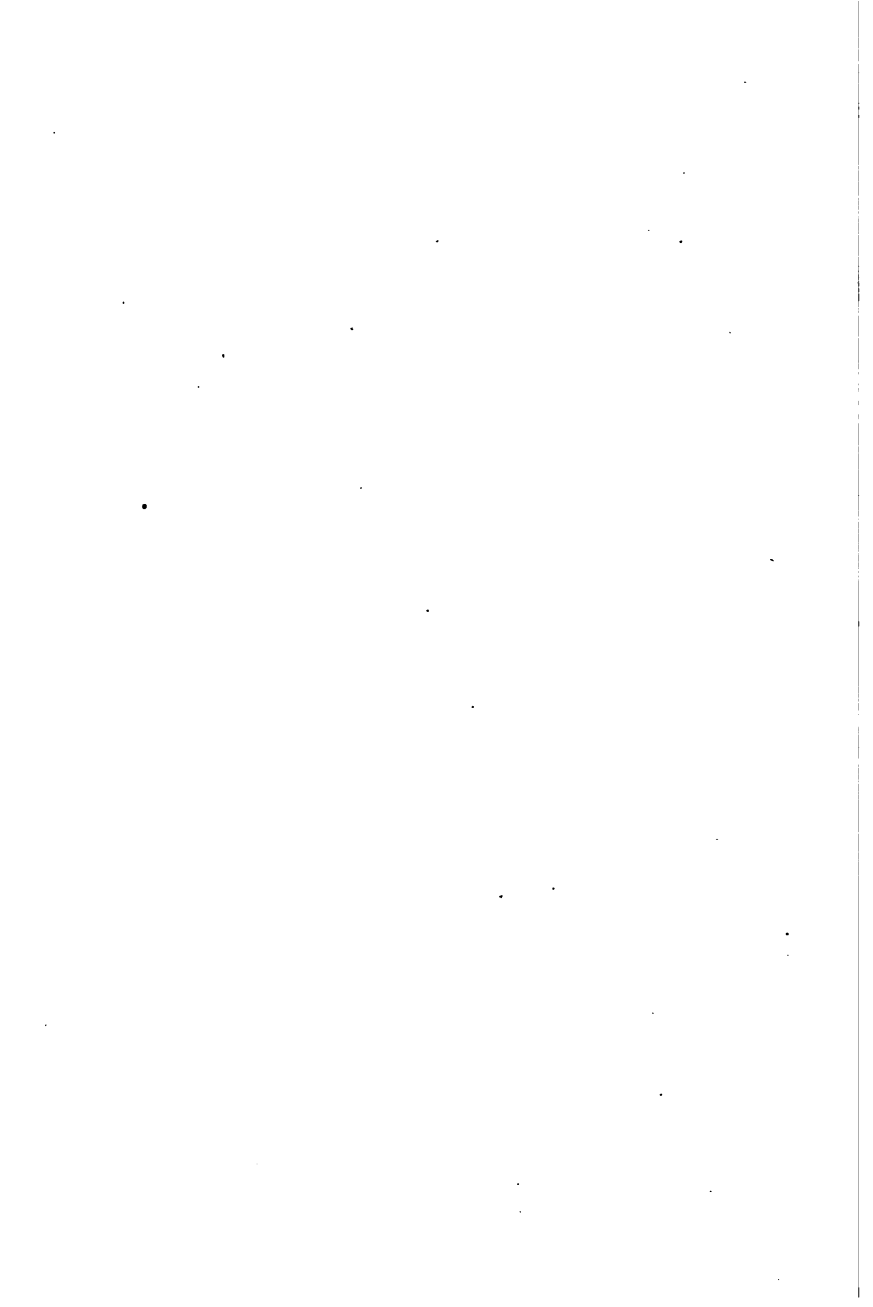
And this welcome was the guarantee of the queen's safety, which her anxious counsellors had believed would be imperilled if she entered this part of London.

We had taken passage several months before in the *Etruria*; but as the great day of the jubilee drew nearer, the crowds in London so increased that we were both sorry and glad to leave.

And so once more we crossed the ocean without misadventure of any sort, arriving at New York on Saturday at nine P. M.; each voyage we had made being shorter than the preceding one. We were soon surrounded by friends who had been waiting to welcome us.

Our landing was comfortably effected, and the next morning H. and I drove to N., which we found in all the freshness and beauty of mid-June.







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